



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

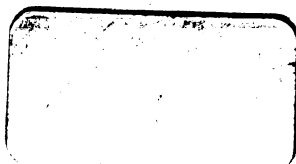
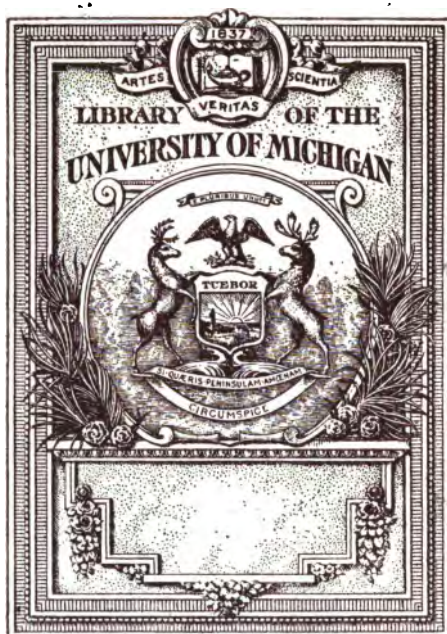
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

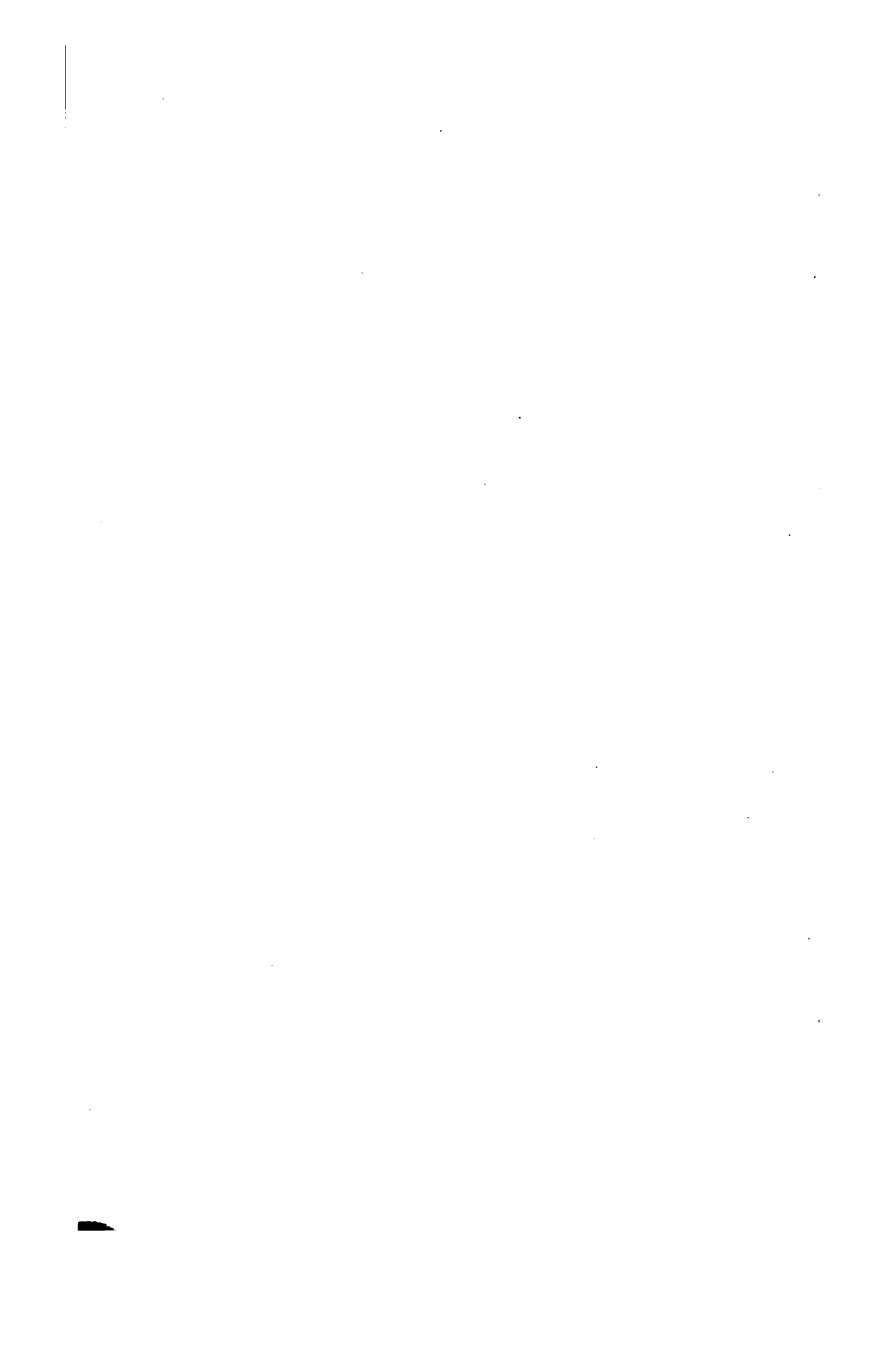
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



pt
28.

828
S1925a



AROUND THE YEAR IN RHYMES

FOR



THE JEWISH CHILD

BY
JESSIE E. ^{the}SAMPTER



NEW YORK
BLOCH PUBLISHING COMPANY
"The Jewish Book Concern"
1920

**COPYRIGHT 1920, BY
BLOCH PUBLISHING COMPANY**



86-2-212M

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
JEWISH CHILDREN
AND ESPECIALLY TO TWO OF THEM,
EDGAR AND JESSIE

375516

FOREWORD

Jewish girls and boys, these rhymes were written for you—a number of them have been printed before, in *The Jewish Child* and in *The Young Judæan*, and it is by their kind permission that they are being printed here. But they were not written for editors and publishers; they were written for you. And I truly declare—and I do not care what editor reads it—that I care very much more for your opinion of these rhymes that were written for you than I care for the opinion of any editor. Every author has a fair amount of vanity—I may as well confess it—and I have very much cared and been very happy when I heard that certain boys and girls liked certain of my rhymes. I have never been more proud than I was one day when I found one of my rhymes written in a round school hand on the blackboard in a Hebrew school-room. Forgive my vanity! It is because I love them—because I love the Jewish children—that I care so much for their opinion.

But there is something much more important than my love for Jewish children or your love for rhymes, if you do care for them, and that is

Rec. M. W. 10-15-40

our great wish, yours and mine, to do things that make it interesting to be Jewish. Jewish history and Jewish customs are brim full of interesting stories and ideas, as you know, but life is so full of other things, and it is often so hard to find Jewish matter in any other language than Hebrew, which only few of us know well, that we in America often have to miss much that we would like to know and understand. I have tried to put Hebrew ideas into English words for American children.

How can we make the Sabbath more different, as different as possible from other days? How can we find in it that extra soul, that *neshamah yeterah*, which the Rabbis tell us should come to us then? Might it not help on each Sabbath, as well as each Jewish holiday, to learn a Jewish rhyme? How such a plan would please our parents, who are always complaining of how life draws us away from Jewish thoughts! It was this idea that prompted me to arrange these rhymes in a ring around the Jewish year. If you learn or read aloud one on each Sabbath and each *yom tov*, there will be just about enough to go around a year, even a leap year. There is at least one for every holiday, (and one for Herzl's death-day) and as you learn what each Sabbath in the year stands for—for according to the portion of the *Torah* that is read on it,

each Sabbath has a special character—you will find that there is often a rhyme to fit the Sabbath, as on *Shabbat shekalim*, *Shabbat parah*, and so on. It was my good luck, when I gathered together the rhymes that I had written during many years, to find that I could fit them around the Jewish year. I hope you will use them, in your club, in your school, in your home, in your thoughts, for that is their purpose and their only wish.

One word more: I have translated a great many of the Hebrew blessings into English rhyme, for children who do not understand Hebrew very well. What I hope you will do is to learn the blessing in English as well as in Hebrew, and to say the English before or after the Hebrew. And God bless you!

JESSIE E. SAMPTER

New York, June 16, 1919.

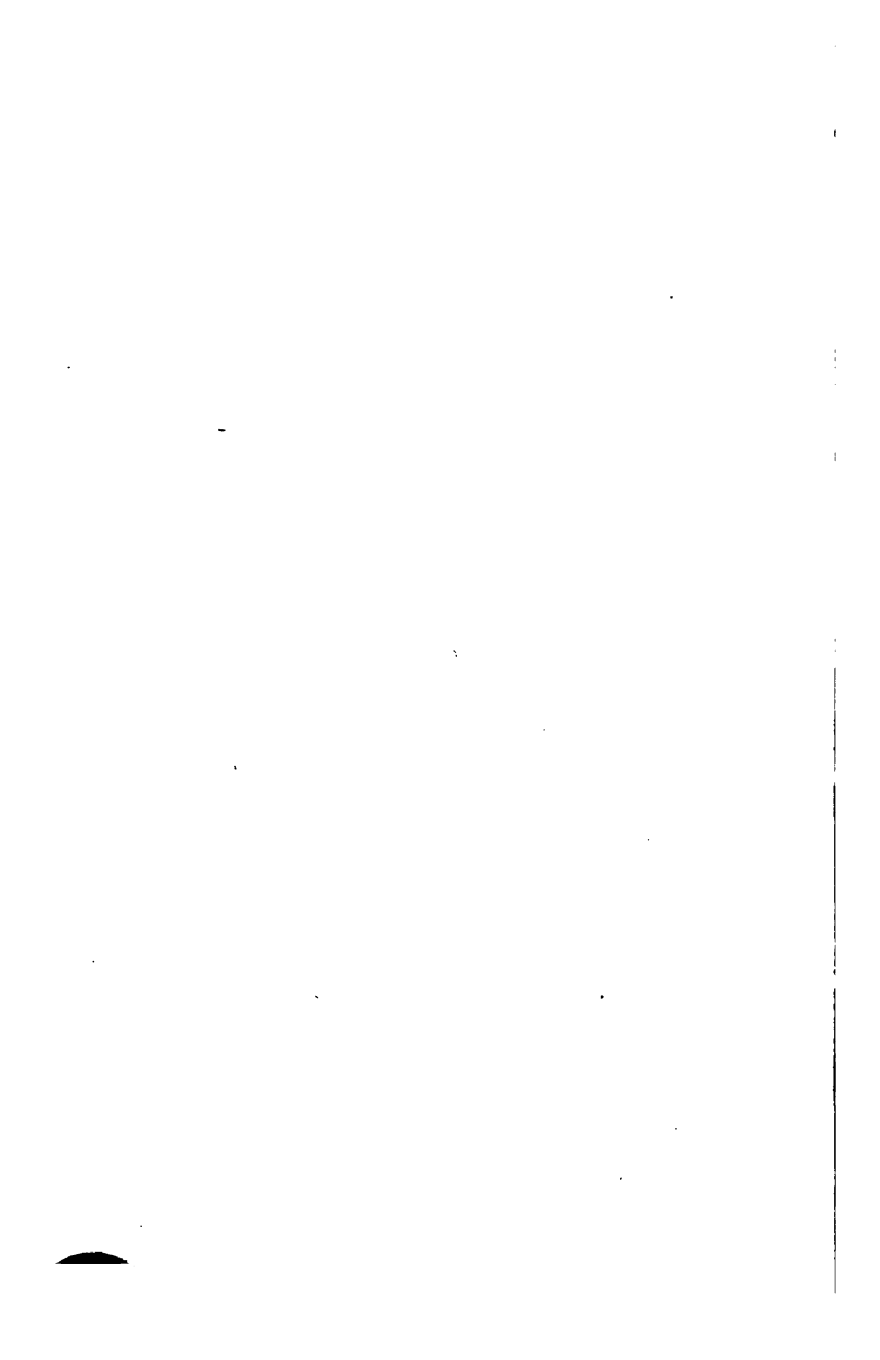
Sivan 18, 5679.

CONTENTS

Foreword	5
Contents	9
Blessing for Rosh-Hashonah.....	11
The Jewish Year.....	12
New Year for the Jews.....	13
A Dream	15
Atonement	16
Blessing over the Lulab.....	17
The Lulab	18
My Vineyard	20
The Book	21
The First Lesson.....	22
God's Gifts	23
God Speaks to You.....	24
Sabbath Blessing	25
A Jewish Home.....	26
The Sabbath Visit	27
Between Customers	28
Yeshibah	29
Judah Maccabee	30
Blessings for Chanukah.....	31
The Palestinian Pioneers.....	32
Shalom	33
At Jaffa by the Sea.....	34
Jaffa: The City Speaks.....	35
Petach Tikvah	36
I Know a Land.....	37
Come to my Window.....	38
The Wanderer's Tree.....	39
The Jewish Beggar.....	40
Homeless	41
Bezalel	42
Grandma	43
Evening Prayer	44
Profit	45

The Light of Exile.....	46
Morning Prayer	47
Blessing on Purim	48
Hadassah	49
The Jew	50
Return	51
Hebrew in Palestine.....	52
May Our Eyes Behold His Return.....	53
The Questions	54
Passover	55
The Painter's Jew.....	56
After the Pogrom.....	57
Tired Men	58
Bar Kochba	59
Lifting of the Torah.....	60
Bar Mitzvah	61
Copying the Torah	62
For Shabuoth	63
Habdalah	64
A Letter from Russia.....	65
Pedlars in the Ghetto of Amsterdam.....	66
Driven	67
To Theodor Herzl.....	69
Messiah	71
Home	72
A Home in Palestine.....	73
Summer Sabbath	74
At the Wailing Wall.....	76
Jeremiah's Lamentation for Jerusalem.....	77
In Our Day	78
Blessing the Sabbath Candles.....	80
Blessing on Washing the Hands.....	81
Blessing on Breaking Bread.....	82
Blessing over Fruit.....	83
Blessing over Vegetables.....	84
Blessing on Partaking Food.....	85
Grace After Meals.....	86
Blessing on Hearing Thunder.....	87
Blessing on Seeing Lightning.....	88
Blessing at Bed-Time.....	89
In Prayer	91

AROUND THE YEAR
IN RHYMES



BLESSING FOR ROSH-HASHONAH

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. שְׁהַחֲיוֹנוּ
וְקִיּוּמֵנוּ וְהַגִּיעָנוּ לְזֶמֶן הַזֶּה:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Who kept and brought us all the way
Alive and strong until to-day.

THE JEWISH YEAR

Our year begins with burnished leaves,
That flame in frost and rime,
With purple grapes and golden sheaves
In harvest time.

Our year begins with biting cold,
With winds and storms and rain;
The new year of the Jew grows old
In strife and pain.

When others say the year has died,
We say the year is new,
And we arise with power and pride
To prove it true.

For we begin where others end,
And fight where others yield;
And all the year we work and tend
Our harvest field.

And after days of stormy rain
And days of drought and heat,
When those that toiled have reaped their grain,
And all's complete.

Oh then, when God has kept his word,
In peace we end our year.
Our fruit is certain from the Lord.
We shall not fear.

NEW YEAR FOR THE JEWS!

"The leaves of the Autumn are blowing, are
blowing,
And birds are departing, and sunsets are
glowing,
And storms are at sea;
What harvest to gather, what fruit for the
sowing,
What increase for me?

"What harvest for Jews that must wander
and wander?—
They are poor, though the earth have a surplus
to squander,
For no land is theirs.
What news can you tell of a harvest out yonder,
While here one despairs?"

With the death of the year we its vintage are
bringing,
In the Land of the Jew whence salvation is
springing;
For our hope we renew!
In the Psalmist's own tongue are the harvesters
singing
In the Land of the Jew.

In orchards where children the fruit-trees are
shaking,
The count of the harvest the watchmen are
taking,
And telling good news.
The old year is dying, the new year awaking,
New Year for the Jews!

A DREAM

I shall not taste of food to-day,
Nor think of food at all,
But all the day I mean to pray—
Although they say I'm small—
I mean to pray among the crowd,
That ask forgiveness low or loud.

Last night I heard Kol Nidre sung;
The Cantor's voice was deep,
And back and forth the people swung—
I think I fell asleep;
I dreamed my Mother took my hand
And led me through a desert land.

But on the ground were cookies round
As white as milk and sweet;
Enough for all the day I found,
I seemed to eat and eat.
Then Mother said, "By this 'tis known
Man does not live by bread alone."

"Awake, my pet," my Mother said,
When all the prayers were through.
"I know the Lord who gives us bread
Will grant us pardon, too."
I shall not wish to eat to-day;
My dream will feed me while I pray.

ATONEMENT

Day by day, through all the year,
In the Book that none may read
All my thoughts and deeds appear;
Now I count with hope and fear
Every thought and deed.

Day by day, through all this year
That is coming clean and new,
Let my heart Thy precepts hear,
And the written page appear
Worthy of a Jew.

BLESSING OVER THE LULAB

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל-נְשִׁילַת לִילָב:

(Citron and willow branch and palm,
And myrtle leaves for fragrant balm
We wave and sway with praise and psalm.)

Blessed art thou, O God, our King,
Lord of the world, who bade us bring
The lulab's harvest offering.

THE LULAB

We live in narrow alleys
Where hovels stand in rows—
Our hearts are in the valleys
Where Rose of Sharon grows.

From bartering, peddling, selling
We seek a moment's calm—
Our hearts today are dwelling
Where citron grows with palm.

We come from stinting, suffering,
From streets that pennies yield;
And bring the Lord our offering,
The produce of the field.

Unlanded, robbed, and driven,
And happy to escape,
Our dreams today are given
To farm and flock and grape.

In many a stone-bound city,
Still roofed beneath the skies,
The Lord of boundless pity
Lets little bowers arise.

And in those tabernacles—
The wanderer's blessed relief—
He turns our heavy shackles
To strings of fruit and leaf.

Who bring in want and sorrow
The stranger's fruit with psalms,
Shall plant in joy tomorrow
Their citrons and their palms.

MY VINEYARD

My vineyard, my vineyard! The vintage is
full!

Come help me, my children, the clusters to
pull!

I've cared for the buds, for the leaves, for the
flowers,

My vineyard I've kept in the land that is ours.

I once was a tailor, I stitched for my crust,

I once was a peddler all covered with dust;

They made me the keeper of riches indeed,

But I was a begger despised for my need.

Come help with the vintage, come share in the
wine,

Whoever is hungry shall eat what is mine.

Come help me, my brothers, the clusters to
pull!

Our home-land is calling! The vintage is full!

THE BOOK

We are the People of the Book,
The written page is our salvation;
This only from the wreck we took
When conquerors crushed our nation.

The Holy Book has been our land,
Our seed, our sowing and our reaping.
How can the stranger understand
What treasure we are keeping!

In shame and poverty we read
The precious page of revelation,
And water with our tears the seed
That recreates our nation.

THE FIRST LESSON

When first, a little boy of three,
I stood beside the rabbi's knee;
He gave me cake to make me see
The sweetness of the Holy Book.

"More sweet than honey-comb," he said,
"When once the word of God you've read,
You'll gladly live on crusts of bread
That you may know the Holy Book."

GOD'S GIFTS

What can I give to Him who gave?
Is not my life His own?
I cannot bring an offering save
It be that gift alone.

Through sorrow, He has let me live;
With toil, He gave me rest;
The Torah, too, He chose to give
Wherewith to serve Him best.

GOD SPEAKS TO YOU

As God to Abraham spoke,
He speaks to you;
He tells you now, to-day,
What thing to do;
He makes a covenant now
With every Jew.

What does the Lord require?
Your love and awe,
That with the deeds of life
You keep His law,
To be that promised seed
That Abraham saw.

Behold, the great reward
The Lord will send
If with the word of God
Your days you spend;
Forever, every day,
Is God your friend.

SABBATH BLESSING

וְדַרְכָּךְ יְיָ וְיִשְׁמְרֶךָ: יְאֵר יְיָ פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וִיחַנֶּנּוּ:
יֵשׂא יְיָ פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וְיִשֶּׁם לָךְ שְׁלוֹם:

The Sabbath light is burning bright;
Our prettiest cloth is clean and white,
With wine and bread for Friday night.

At set of sun our work is done;
The happy Sabbath has begun;
Now bless us, Father, every one.

O Sabbath guest, dear Sabbath guest,
Come, share the blessing with the rest,
For all our house tonight is blest.

A JEWISH HOME

I think that it is very fine
To have a Jewish home like mine,
Where every Friday evening shine
The lovely Sabbath lights.
To bless them, mother hides her face;
And loaves and wine at father's place
For Kiddush stand, and books for grace
That each of us recites.

I have a mother kind and sweet,
Who keeps her things for milk and meat
Each in its place and each complete,
Arranged on separate shelves,
And Pesach dishes bright and clean
That only once a year are seen,
And gladly wait the months between
In places by themselves.

When I am grown and married, too,
I know exactly what I'll do,
Because, you see, I am a Jew,
And mother teaches me.
I, too, shall bless the Sabbath light,
And keep my dishes clean and bright,
And teach my children what is right
And what a home should be.

THE SABBATH VISIT

I always go to Grandpa's house
On Sabbaths—I am never missing—
And stand as quiet as a mouse
To get my Sabbath blessing.

At Grandma's Sabbath cap I look,
And touch its edges, frilled and beaded;
And Grandpa holds a holy book,
And lets me try to read it.

BETWEEN CUSTOMERS

Keep a shop! Buy and sell!
Sleep and work! Eat and drink!
To keep us honest, kind and well,
We must have time to think.

I know a man who keeps a shop,
But keeps the Torah, too.
He's always glad when people stop
To buy a thing or two.

But glad he is when people go:
Then on his step he'll sink,
And read the Law, that he may know
The way that man should think.

YESHIBAH

They think and think,
And never shrink
 From study, day or night,
They save the law that first was known
When in our land, our very own,
 We kept it with delight.

The nations have
Their soldiers brave
 That die on battle's field;
But Israel's soldiers are her sages,
Whose swords are words, whose forts are
 pages;
 They fight and never yield.

JUDAH MACCABEE

Judah Maccabee,
Give a sword to me
Now, in youth!
By the candle's light
Kindled here to-night,
Do I vow to fight
For the truth.

Still the Greeks are here,
Still we yield in fear,
Cringe and cower.
Judah Maccabee,
Make my people free
That their eyes may see
Israel's power!

BLESSINGS FOR CHANUKAH

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שֶׁל חֲנֻכָּה:

Blessed art thou, O God our Lord,
Who made us holy with his word,
And told us on this feast of light
To light one candle more each night.

(Because when foes about us pressed
To crush us all with death or shame,
The Lord his priests with courage blest
To strike and give his people rest
And in the House that he loved best
Relight our everlasting flame.)

Blest art Thou, the whole world's King,
Who did so wonderful a thing
For our own fathers true and bold
At this same time in days of old!

THE PALESTINIAN PIONEERS

(Based upon a story told by Boris Kazmann)

Volunteers were digging trenches,
Digging deep to plant and build,
Toiling in the sun-baked furrows
For the dream their people willed.

These were soldiers pioneering
With the plowshare, not the sword,
Fighting for the right of nations
Promised by the nations' Lord.

One there was that sank exhausted,
Sunstruck in the parching rift.
For a moment work is halted;
Him his comrades gently lift.

Bear his body to the bushes,
Wet his brow where waters run,
Then return to digging trenches,
Digging, digging in the sun.

SHALOM

I saw a picture of a street,
A Jewish street in Palestine,
Where Jewish families like to meet
On Yom-tov, when the day is fine.

The little houses were their own,
The sun, I knew, was shining clear
Because I saw their shadows thrown,
And what they said I tried to hear.

My heart with longing almost broke
Because I heard them: they were home,
And Hebrew was the tongue they spoke,
And one I heard. He said, "Shalom!"

AT JAFFA BY THE SEA

Where have you come from, camels, camels?

“Far from the eastern land!”

Where have you traveled, camels, camels?

“Over the desert sand;

“Down over Horan, over the Jordan,

To Jaffa by the sea;

We sauntered gaily through many a valley

Blooming in Galilee.”

JAFFA: THE CITY SPEAKS

The camels from the desert come,
The ships come in from sea,
The merchants dine on Carmel wine
And grain from Galilee:
And in my heart they build a mart
To buy and sell in me.

Upon my throne I sit alone
Though all my alleys hum.
The great and small are travelers all;—
Yet I am Home to some:
From east and west to find their rest
My exiled children come.

PETACH TIKVAH

THE GATE OF HOPE

I know a little village
That's called the Gate of Hope.
It lies in blessed Palestine
Upon a gentle slope.

Its orange-trees are golden,
As golden as the day,
And singing Hebrew melodies,
Its happy children play.

But silent in the graveyard,
The bones of heroes sleep
Who died to build this Gate of Hope
That others live to keep.

When all the singing children
Have grown to man's estate,
Will then, at last, the Hope come true
Where they have built the Gate?

I KNOW A LAND

Flowers of frost are on the trees,
And leaves of snow,
And hidden deep in winter's sleep
The frozen sap is slow;
Like little feathers covering all,
The cold and quiet snow flakes fall.

I know a land where leaves are green
On all the trees;
Where now, today, the flowers are gay
And nodding in the breeze;
Where soft the smell of spices floats,
And birds are whistling pleasant notes.

In my heart there sings a bird
And flowers are fair,
Because I know where blossoms blow,
And, Oh, my heart is there!
And there the happy branches bring
A hope more wonderful than spring.

COME TO MY WINDOW

Come to my window, come and see
The olive tree, the almond tree,
The palm tree, fig and vine,
And blossoms on the orange bough,
And all the lilies blooming now
In blessed Palestine.

Come to my window—do not doubt!
You think there's only snow without,
And branches bare and tossed?
Yet all the trees from Sharon's plain
Have gathered on my window-pane
In gardens made of frost.

THE WANDERER'S TREE

I have no garden by my house,
Nor yet a little yard,
 But all around
 Above the ground
The stones are cold and hard.

And yet I plant a little tree
Within my garden plot,
 And it shall grow—
 "B'chamisho
Osor bishevat."

I always move from place to place,
I've even crossed the sea,
 But in a spot
 That changes not,
I plant my little tree.

And ever growing, ever green
'Twill shade what house is mine;
 In that dear land
 My tree shall stand—
In blessed Palestine.

THE JEWISH BEGGAR

I dreamed I saw Elijah:
A great cloak covered all.
 A staff he had;
 As beggar clad
He crept along the wall.

Then suddenly he straightened,
His cloak he flung aside:
 A king was he,
 Majestic, free,
And clothed with lordly pride.

That beggar—once I saw him!
Remembering, I awoke:
 A scholar's face,
 A prince's grace,
A beggar's staff and cloak.

HOMELESS

O, Mother, in the street today
I saw an old, old man;
His eyes were sad; I stopped my play,
And to his side I ran;
Upon his back a heavy sack;
His beard was white, his eyes were black.

I touched this traveler's staff; I said:
"What have you in your bag?"
He did not smile; he shook his head:
"My people's load I drag;
The staff of faith is in my hand;
My son, I seek the Holy Land."

"And who is King," I wondering said,
"And rules the land you seek?"
The old man smiled, and shook his head;
"His name I dare not speak—
But there my sack and staff shall fall,
And I'll grow young and straight and tall."

With age he trembled as he spoke,
And said: "I shall not die."
Though worn and ragged was his cloak,
He said: "A prince am I."
"My son, this wonder you will see,"
He said, "for you'll be there with me."

BEZALEL

Bezalel, Bezalel,
In Sinai's wildest gloom,
Our gems we brought and there you wrought
Our worship's fitting room.
The tabernacle glittered
In Sinai's scorching sun;
With beauty in the desert
Our nation was begun.
A wandering host, we were not lost
Because the Ark was One.

Bezalel, Bezalel,
We need an Ark to-day!
We wander wide without a guide,
And soon must lose the way.
Unite us all through beauty
That all can understand!
We'll bring our gold and jewels,
We'll hear your least demand,
Should you be sent to build our Tent,
To show the Promised Land.

GRANDMA

Mother's mother said to me:
"When a man you grow to be,
Will you still remember me?"

"In your praying, day by day,
Will you ever stop to say:
Grandma taught me how to pray?"

Granny dear, O granny dear,
I'll remember, never fear!
When I come to visit here.

Every day for you I'll take
Toys and pictures, sweets and cake,
Such as now for me you make.

And I'll say my morning prayer,
Every word with greatest care
As I stand beside your chair.

EVENING PRAYER

Great Lord of Life who lives in me
And lives in all I know,
With happy thoughts I go to sleep
And while I sleep I grow.

I hope to wake this coming morn
More strong and brave and bright,
While you shall stay both night and day
With all I love to-night.

PROFIT

We once were slaves in Egypt
And we had flesh pots there;
As free men in the desert
We ate but scanty fare.

O better free and hungry
Than slaves with much to eat!
The wage of honest labor
However small is sweet.

I count today the pennies
For all that I have sold,
And, see, I earned my living
Though I am lone and old.

My people are not beggars,
My children earn their way.
I thank thee, Lord, who freed us,
For all I earned today!

THE LIGHT OF EXILE

Tell me, what is Exile's light?
Is it candles burning bright,
Little candles in the night?

Exile's light is this old man.
Ere the morning he began
Israel's holy page to scan.

And he teaches from this page
Israel's law in every age:
Exile's light is Israel's sage.

MORNING PRAYER

They bind a sign upon the hand
To make it heed the Lord's command,
And 'twixt their eyes the frontlet bind
That they may keep the Law in mind:—
On Israel's heart and soul and will
There stands a sign more holy still.

BLESSING ON PURIM

Before Reading the Book of Esther

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל מִקְרָא מְגִלָּה:

Blessed art thou, O God, our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Whose word has hallowed Israel's soul,
And bade us read Queen Esther's scroll;
(Because her courage and her faith,
When God had pity in old days,
In exile saved us all from death
And let us live to sing his praise.)

HADASSAH

I love to think of Esther,
A simple Jewish maid,
When in her uncle's house she lived
And happily obeyed.

Before she thought of Shushan,
Its splendor and its gloom,
Or dreamed her deed of faith might save
Her people from its doom.

Her mind had then the sweetness,
Her heart the courage high,
That later bade her say, "I go,
And if I die, I die."

THE JEW

In ancient times upon the altar
A hundred oxen burned;
The gilded horns beneath the halter
To smoke and ash were turned:
We did not stint nor ask the price;
Our best we brought to sacrifice.

Today the Temple lies in ashes:—
Yet costlier gifts we bring
From Jewish eyes the altar flashes
With flames of suffering.
We do not stint nor count the price;
Our hearts, our lives we sacrifice.

RETURN

And when our eyes behold again,
Thy mercy over Zion reign,
How wilt Thou come; what shall we see?
We'll see a plowman plow for corn,
Beneath a newly risen morn.

With eyes grown dim from ledgers black,
With shoulders bent by peddler's pack,
With staff and scrip we'll wander back
To rest upon the Land new born;
And plow the field before the morn,
And trust the sun and trust the corn,
And trust the Land and Thee.

HEBREW IN PALESTINE

I have learned in Hebrew school
Words and letters, rule by rule—
 Slowly, slowly I can speak—
I have read the Holy Book
From Abraham to Hahakkuk,
 Day by day and week by week.

Am I proud of all I've done?
But in Palestine they run
 Through the fields and call each other
All in Hebrew, speaking fast,
Telling tales of Israel's past
 Near the tomb of our first mother.

MAY OUR EYES BEHOLD HIS RETURN

Oh, may our eyes His mercy see
On Zion's hill!
However far our homes may be,
We're hoping still
That there may Israel's glory dwell
Above the land we love so well.

And when the ancient wanderer bent
Comes home again,
How great will be his heart's content,
Now freed from pain,
When there he sees the ripening grain
Of Israel's sons on Israel's plain.

THE QUESTIONS

I've practised, practised day by day
To learn the questions I must say
On Seder night;
Then father, like a king of kings,
Now low, now loud the answer sings
When I have asked aright.

To you and me the story's told,
Because 'twas we in days of old
Whom God made free.
To Pharaoh's slave He gave His rod
And made of us a prince of God
And dried for us the sea.

But I would ask one question more:
If we to-day should crowd the shore
Of every land
With listening mind and daring heart,
Would not the oceans leap apart
Again at God's command?

PASSOVER

It's a far, far road from Egypt
To our own, our happy land,
From the pyramids of Egypt
Built beneath the tyrant's hand;
Its road so strange and marvelous
That few can understand.

See, the Lord has passed us over
For his sign upon our gate!
He has spared the crushed and driven,
He has judged the proud and great.
When the hosts of Israel rise to go
He makes the crooked straight.

It's a far, far road to Zion
For the slave afraid to flee;
He must pass through flood and desert,
Yet his land he shall not see.
But the man that knows the sign of God
On Pesach eve is free.

THE PAINTER'S JEW

An artist tried to paint a Jew,
An outcast beggar that he knew
In Amsterdam of old;
He painted rags and grime with care,
Yet, though the truth he pictured there,
He knew not what he told.

He called it "Jewish Beggar."—See
How clear an artist's eyes can be,
What light his visions bring!
Although he painted rags and grime,
Yet, gracious, noble and sublime,
The picture shows a king.

AFTER THE POGROM

Take again the pilgrim's staff,
Wandering Jew!
You have heard the murderers' laugh
As your sons they slew;
You have seen your children die.
Take the wanderer's staff, and fly!

You have seen your house a heap,
Wandering Jew.
Where your buried fathers sleep,
Blood and ash they strew;
Where your comrades met to pray,
Jesting drunkards curse and play.

You have seen the scroll aflame,
Wandering Jew.
As the fools their Maker's Name
Through the gutters drew.
Can you keep the Torah's light
Shining still to guide your flight?

You have seen this earth a hell,
Wandering Jew.
Is there any place to dwell
For the Law and you?
Can your weary eyes behold
Still the Promised Land of old?

TIRED MEN

See these tired, tired men:

Will they ever rise again?

They have wandered many years
From their home that conquerors own;

Far too weary now for tears,
At the strangers' gate alone
May they rest a bit, and then
Up again and on again.

See these tired, tired men:

Will they ever rise again?

Not a place to lie and sleep,
Save, like Jacob, on a stone.

Strangers' steps are cold and steep,
Strangers' kindness little known—
They'll awake and rise—and then
'Round the world and home again!

BAR KOCHBA

"Son of a Star" they called you
That fell in darkest days!
Bar Kochba, our hero,
Not you could hear our praise.

With broken sword you perished,
In ruins crushed and black:
Bar Kochba, Bar Kochba,
Today we call you back!

The battle is unfinished
Where once you fought with odds,
And dared to challenge mighty Rome,
Her emperor and her gods.

Then where was Israel's Guardian
Who slumbers not nor sleeps?
Above the grappling peoples
His patient watch he keeps.

And the battle shall be finished
Where once you fought in vain,
And the star that fell in ruins
Shall rise and shine again.

Despair not, my people,
Bar Kochba seems to say,
I fought 2,000 years ago
And victory comes today.

LIFTING OF THE TORAH

At Sinai we received the Law
In earthquake, storm, and flame:
We stood to hear the Voice of Awe
Our tasks and duties name.

To Sinai still we turn our eyes,
Obedient to His voice:
Before His Law in homage rise
The people of His choice.

BAR MITZVAH

We are the children of the Law,
Our honor is that we obey.
By truths our sires at Sinai saw
Our lives are sanctified today.

Our promise is that we shall lead
Because we learned the law in youth.
Our name is princely, and our creed
Is simple: that the Lord is truth.

COPYING THE TORAH

How humbly does he sit
 Who writes the Holy Words!
You see his fingers flit
 Like little careful birds,
And love and knowledge fine
Must shape each mark and line.

This old man seems as old
 As does the holy Law;
Before him lies unrolled
 The book of truth and awe,
As old and young is he
As truth—who truth can see.

FOR SHABUOTH

My heart is blossoming like a flower
On Sharon's harvest field,
My heart is burning like the star
That shines on David's shield.
Because once more I see God's Law
To Israel revealed.

HABDALAH

Blessed be He that gave us days
For work and rest, to serve and praise
In orderly and seemly ways.

That set the bounds of day and night
With fine distinctions in His sight,
And bade us honor them with light.

Blessed be He whose Sabbath rest
With song and wine and light expressed,
Shall make the days of labor blest.

A LETTER FROM RUSSIA

Dear Daughter, from this Russian land
We send our pictures—sent with tears.
How long since we have held your hand,
Your face we have not seen in years!

But we have seen your photograph,
And ours we send.—Ah, no one knows
How that could make one weep and laugh,
That we, so old, should go and pose!

To love the Torah, and to train
Our children in the Law that's true,
That they may serve through joy and pain,—
Is that not all a Jew need do?

But ours are scattered far and wide,
We know not what our children do.
To other lands, when we have died,
Your children, too, will go from you.

When we are buried here alone,
And you are buried over there,
What land will then be called our own?
Our graves are scattered everywhere.

We send our pictures.—Understand,
God wills it—bless his Holy Name—
Our children in the Holy Land
Will know how far their parents came.

PEDLARS IN THE GHETTO OF AMSTERDAM

"Stay and try,
Passer-by,
Here is honest ware."

Princely eyes,
Poor disguise,—
Are you peddling there?
After twice a thousand years,
After thrice a million tears
Still your wares you cry?
You, who offered truth to man
Long ere Europe's trade began,
Now with coat, or pot, or pan
Hail the passer-by.

"Men disdain
Heart and brain,
Scorn our honest ware;
So we dwell,
Ill or well,
Bargaining with despair.
After twice a thousand years,
After thrice a million tears
For the Lord we wait,
Is not justice all His plan?
When the fool has run his span
We shall offer truth to man
Back at Zion's gate."

DRIVEN

Once I saw my mother crying, on a Shabbos
afternoon,

So I took her hand and begged her,

“Tell me, mother, tell me why?”

Then she said: “I’ve read a story.” So I
urged her,

“Tell it soon!”

And she said: “The Jews were driven—

O my child, ’twould make you cry.

“For they drove them from their houses, in the
dreadful days of old,

Hundreds, thousands, sent to wander; many
sickened, many died.

Just for being Jews, my darling, they must bear
their pains untold,

Always, everywhere, my darling!” And
again my mother cried.

Then I said: “O mother, mother, did it
happen long ago?

Do not cry for what is over—in a distant
part of earth.”

But she answered: “They are driven—still
today they go—I know!

I myself was driven, driven from the village
of my birth.

"In the fearful days in Russia—" but I will
not tell you more,
For before my mother finished I was crying
in our sorrow,
For she told of hate and murder, things I never
dreamed before,
Yet they happen—still they happen—still
today and still tomorrow.

These are men without a country, driven on
from coast to coast,
This a people without cities, and a law with-
out a land;
To our nation's law, the Bible, truest when
they suffer most—
Shall they ever end their wanderings? Shall
they find a spot to stand?

TO THEODOR HERZL

Our Leader, dear Leader, we shall not
forget—

You have not died in vain!
To the goal that you pointed our faces are set,
We are careless of pain.

There are many that wept, there are few that
will strive,
For the way is not soft;
Our Leader, dear Leader, your spirit alive
Holds our banner aloft.

Our banner, our nation, our laws and our
tongue
In the Land that we love,
We shall build with the might whence our
spirits are sprung;
We have mountains to move!

We are weary of ghettos, of gift, and of loan,
Even there, in the Land.
We must make it our own, we must keep it
our own—
And the world understand!

Our Leader, dear Leader, a greater there came
When from Egypt we fled.
There he founded a nation to honor the Name,
And he rose and he led.

Can we dare as we dared, can we follow as far,
And a nation remain,
Till from Israel a Staff and from Jacob a Star
Shall be promised again?

MESSIAH

Messiah is coming—
How shall I know the day?
 To-day may bring
 The promised King
For whom I hope and pray.

Messiah, Messiah,
If you should come to-day
 Would I be fit
 To do my bit
And work as well as play?

HOME

The ruins of the Temple
Are buried deep for years,
'Neath mosque and street forgotten,
Save for a people's tears.

Its servitors are scattered,
An aimless gypsy clan,
Whose children seek for shelter,
In every realm of man.

But still a sanctuary
In every land they raise;
A ring of shining faces
Their Maker's mercy praise.

The priesthood is the parents,
The altar is the board,
Where boys and girls are gathered,
To feast before the Lord.

A HOME IN PALESTINE

O little birds, you fly so far,
Your homes are far apart.
And don't you know where I would go
If I could follow my heart?

O little star, you shine so far,
Both here and there you shine!
And I, like you, have twin homes too,
And one's in Palestine.

SUMMER SABBATH

In summer, in the open air,
I seek my Sabbath house of prayer
Among the friendly trees,
Beneath a blue and shining dome
Where clouds like watchful angels roam
To guard the lands and seas.

My prayer book open on my knee,
Another prayer is taught to me,
A Torah without words:
I hear it sung by swinging leaves,
By every breeze that sighs and heaves,
By all the choirs of birds.

The buzzing insects sing His praise,
And all the flowers with modest ways
Swing silently in awe;
They praise my God that made us all:
This is my people, green and small,
That shares my life and law.

The little shining leaves of vine
That lay their tiny hands in mine
Are praying, every one;
The maples shimmering overhead
Remember all that God has said,
And tremble in the sun.

O Lord, that made my People hold
Thy covenant from days of old,
Is this Thy people too?
Though we thy truth at Sinai saw,
Each race has its eternal law,
Each life its task to do.

AT THE WAILING WALL

Grasses can't remember,
Stones can never weep:
We, the human man or woman,
Have our thoughts to keep.

Where our fathers worshipped
Now the stranger strays:
Can the wall still recall
Zion's glorious days?

We—if we remember—
Still must pray and weep:
“Build our city.—Oh, in pity
Soothe Thy wandering sheep!”

Some can serve their people,
Others weep their woe:
Hearts of stone can alone
Unremembering go.

JEREMIAH'S LAMENTATION FOR JERUSALEM

How doth the city sit alone,
Where peoples went and came!
What was a princess on her throne
Is groveling low in shame.

The children of my People groan,
As in a wine-press crushed;
On every street our youths are thrown,
Our babies' cries are hushed.

Their mothers' wailing tells us how
For bread they spent their breath,
And in their mothers' bosoms now
They pour their souls in death.

The Lord hath done as first he spoke:
Our sins have brought us low.
Oh, save for all Thy children's sake!
Oh, heal thy daughter's woe!

IN OUR DAY

We had a glorious temple
Where priests in shining white,
Went up and down the marble stairs
And sang by day and night;
They sang the psalms together
And played on harps and lyres,
And we stood round and answered them,
And watched the altar fires.
And that is why we always pray:
"Rebuild it soon, and in our day!"

Our Temple walls are shattered,
Our singing priests are dead—
Their shining robes of holy white
Were stained with fearful red.
Now their remembering people
Are driven far and wide;
We chant the psalms without the lyres,
Our hope has never died.
And that is why we always pray:
"Rebuild it soon, and in our day!"

"Oh, speedily rebuild it!"
I hear my father say:
"We've prayed that prayer two thousand years
And still our children pray;

Through every generation,
In every land and clime,"
But if the day is sure to come,
May this not be the time?
And that is why we always pray:
"Rebuild it soon, and in our day!"

BLESSING THE SABBATH CANDLES

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שַׁל־שַׁבָּת:

Blessed art thou, O God our Lord,
King of the world, who with his word
Has hallowed us and bade us light
The Sabbath candles Sabbath night.

(When all our week of work is done,
In time, before the set of sun,
To show how God with light has blest
His People, happy in His rest.)

BLESSING ON WASHING THE HANDS

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ
בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ עַל נְטִילַת יָדַיִם:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Who made us holy with commands,
And charged us that we wash our hands.

(Before we eat, before we pray,
And everywhere and every day,
That he who with his Maker stands
Be pure of heart and clean of hands.)

BLESSING ON BREAKING BREAD

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. הַמוֹצֵיא לֶחֶם
מִן הָאָרֶץ:

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God,
King of the world, who from the clod
Makest our daily bread to grow.

(Not only we His blessing know,
But all the ripening summer days
The wheat and barley sing His praise.)

BLESSING OVER FRUIT

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הָעֵץ:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Who made the fruit of every tree;
(For all things owe their birth to Thee.)

BLESSING OVER VEGETABLES

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. בּוֹרֵא פְּרִי
הָאֲדָמָה:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Creator of the fruits of earth,
(For all things owe to Thee their birth.)

BLESSING ON PARTAKING FOOD

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. שֶׁהַכֹּל נָתַן
בְּדִבְרֶיךָ:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Who by his word brought all to be.

(The things we taste and hear and see
He made, but not with force or might:
He only spoke and there was light.)

GRACE AFTER MEALS

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. הֵן אַתָּה הָעוֹלָם
בָּלוּ. בְּמוֹבּוֹ בָּחֵן בְּחֶסֶד וּבְרַחֲמִים. הוּא נוֹתֵן לָחֶם
לְכָל-בָּשָׂר. כִּי לְעוֹלָם חֶסֶדוֹ: וּבְמוֹבּוֹ הַגָּדוֹל תִּמְדִּיר
לֹא-חֶסֶד לָנוּ וְאֵל יְחֶסֶד-לָנוּ מִזֶּן לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד בְּעֶבֶר
שְׁמוֹ הַגָּדוֹל. כִּי הוּא זֶן וּמַפְרִיחַ לְכָל וּמַטִּיב לְכָל
וּמְבִין מִזֶּן לְכָל-בְּרִיּוֹתָיו אֲשֶׁר בָּרָא. בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה
יי. הֵן אַתָּה-הַכֹּל:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of every time and place,
Who feedest every living thing
With goodness, kindness, love and grace.
He gives their bread to all that live
Because his kindness lasts forever;
Our food he gave us and will give
With goodness that shall fail us never.
He nourishes both great and small,
Sustains and cares for every soul,
For his great name's sake keeps us all:
Blessed be God, who feeds the whole.

BLESSING ON HEARING THUNDER

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. שְׁפֹחוּ וּגְבוּרָתוֹ
מִלֵּא עוֹלָם:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
The Lord of life and everything,
Whose strength and might do fill the world.

(And when his thunderbolts are hurled,
I still am safe within his arm
Whose might and strength are shields from
harm.)

BLESSING ON SEEING LIGHTNING

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. עָשָׂה מַעֲשֶׂה
בְּרָאשִׁית:

Blessed art thou, O God our King,
Lord of the world, who everything
Created when the world began.

(How beautiful is all his plan!
His flashing storms I need not fear,
Because I know that God is near.)

BLESSING AT BED-TIME

(Before saying the Sh'ma)

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם. הַמְּפִיל חֲבָלֵי
שָׁנָה עַל עֵינֵי וְתַנּוּמָה עַל עַפְעָפִי: וַיְהִי רָצוֹן מִלְּפָנֶיךָ
יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאַלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ. שְׁתִּשְׁכְּבֵנוּ לְשָׁלוֹם וְתִצְמִיחֵנוּ
לְשָׁלוֹם:

O blessed God, our Lord and King,
Sleep to my tired eyes you bring;
In peace I hope to shut my eyes,
In peace again I hope to rise.

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ יי אֶחָד:
בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מְלֻכּוֹתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

(After saying the Sh'ma)

בְּרוּךְ יי בַּיּוֹם. בְּרוּךְ יי בַּלַּיְלָה. בְּרוּךְ יי בְּשִׁכְבֵּנוּ.
בְּרוּךְ יי בְּקוּמָנוּ: הִגָּה לֹא יָנוּם וְלֹא יִישָׁן שׁוֹמֵר
יִשְׂרָאֵל: בִּידָד אֶפְקִיד רוּחִי פְדִיתָה אוֹתִי יי אֵל
אַמֶּת: לִישׁוּעָתְךָ קָוִיתִי יי:

Blessed is God in the daylight,
Blessed is God in the dark night,
Blessed is God who shuts my eyes,
Blessed is God when I arise.

And He that Israel does keep
Shall never slumber, never sleep.
He holds me safe within His hand
The while I rest in slumberland.
O Lord and God of truth is He
Who watches over mine and me.

IN PRAYER

Some are great and some are small,
Some are foolish, others wise,
God of mercy over all
Watches from the skies.

Not our virtue, not our might
But his mercy keeps us all.
May our thoughts within his sight
Please him, great or small.

MAY 17 1921

3

1

